# A PENSIVE ſoules delight.

The Contents whereof, is ſhewen in theſe Verſes following.

1.

*The Penſiue ſoule recounteth in this place,*
Elizaes *troubles, and* Elizaes *grace.*

2.

*Here are expreſſed the ſtratagems of foes,*
Elizaes *conqueſts, and their falls that roſe.*

3.

*Here is ſet forth* Elizaes *lenitie,*
*And* Locuſt-Catholickes *ſuperbitie.*

By *Iohn Norden.*




LONDON
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A

PENSIVE

Contemplation.

The Contents whereof is Discoursed
Verse following.



LONDON

# TO THE RIGHT

## Honourable and vertuous Ladie the *Counteſſe of* Warwicke.

IF I were demanded (Right Honourable) I could yeeld a reaſon why I giue your Lady-ſhip this little plaine Poeme, vnder the tytle of a *Penſiue Soules delight*, but that your Ladiſhip is not altogether vnacquainted with ſome cauſes that may right well worke me penſiue. The cauſe is noted and obſerued of many, but felt of my ſelfe and mine only. The cauſe of my delight is publique, common, and knowne to all, but felt (with effect) of the faithfull and loyall onely. Can any faithfull ſoule but ſigh (my good Ladie,) to ſee and conſider, the ſundry daungers, that haue bene, and are daily plotted and practiſed, againſt her highneſſe moſt innocent perſon, and Royall ſtate? And againe, can any, but reioyce and delight to ſee her ſtill bleſſed & de-

fended, and the practizers ſtill found out, cenſured and condemned? And who ſeeth without penſiueneſſe and ſorrow, her Maieſties natiue ſubiects, our owne country-men, brethren and kindred, to become Traytors, to their, and our moſt gratious Queene, & treacherous to vs their country-men & allyes? And againe, reioyceth not to ſee & obſerue, how all their deuiſes come to nought, her Maieſtie preſerued, & our ſelues deliuered? And again, who greeueth not to conſider from whom theſe practiſes and the grounds of theſe treaſons proceed? From a man pretending to be the high and ſole *Vicar of Chriſt* in earth, who cannot erre in his purpoſes and proceedings, becauſe they are all couered, (euen murthers of innocent men, yea Princes, raiſing warre within, and between kingdomes,) with the pretence of religion and glorifying God, the higheſt point of blaſphemy. But who reioyceth not to ſee him diſcouered *Antichriſt, the man of ſinne*? and his vndermining and treaſonable meſſengers, *Locuſtes*? And who reioyceth not to ſee them in ſome meaſure abandoned, ſith they will not be reclaimed? But more, who reioyceth not to ſee and conſider her Maieſties immoueable conſtancie, in louing, in imbracing,

and

and in maintaining the infallable trueth ? and our ſelues vnder her, and by her, to enioy the ſame ? A ſubiect worthie of a more ſerious labour. But becauſe many worthie workes are extãt of their diſcouery, ſome too great of price for poore men, and ſome too learned for the ſimple. And ſuch ſerious Treatiſes ofté neglected, becauſe they delight not all humours, I thought it not vnfit to put the inferiour multitude in minde, in this kinde of writing, what cauſes they haue to ſighe and to ſing, to grieue and reioyce : And that with mee they may haue all will, as they haue cauſe, to pray for the continuance of the true cauſes of our reioycing, the maintenance of Religion, and preſeruation of her highneſſe. *The length of dayes*, vouchſafe her length of dayes : *the Lyon of Iudah* rent her enemies in peeces : And high *Iehouah*, graunt that vnder her we may all liue in true loue, towards her, that loueth him, who in his loue gaue her to vs. That we in her might rather ſorrow to ſee the falles of traytors in charitie, then traytors to tryumph in the ſucceſſe of their attempts in inſolencie.

*Your Ladiſhips in all ſeruice,*

Iohn Norden.

# A Penſiue Soules delight.

I.

*The Penſiue Soule recounteth in this place,*
Elizaes *troubles, and* Elizaes *grace.*

MY *Penſiue Soule* recounting heauenly loue,
which did beſtow that ſacred hidden treaſure,
*Truthes* light to ſhine, to vs here, from aboue:
Cannot but ioy, to ſee *loues* mercies meaſure,
Paſſing in greatnes all this earthly frame,
It fills our hearts with ſcience of his name,
Which if we loue, we liue as he requires:
He ſendes his word, to worke in vs inſpires
of his true light. Looke vp from whence it came.

Came it from man? came it from wiſedomes skill?
Came it by art? came it from multitude?
No, no: it came from his all ſacred will,
That will'd our wealth and true beatitude,
Long, long, ſhut vp in darke *oblimions* den,
And fetter'd long, through *ignorance* of men.
Darke *Ignorance*, fyre of *Deuotion*,
Blinde zeale, blinde loue, both malediction,
As is diſcouer'd by *Truthes* ſacred pen.

# A Penſiue ſoules delight.

How ſo the pennes of men not lightned write,
Bewitcht with falſe inſpires, inſpirde in thoſe
That follow fancie, all depriu'd of light:
Deſpightfull hearts, that kill and ſeeme no foes,
Like friends, in fawnes, foes vnder faithleſſe ſmiles,
Whoſe graceleſſe guiſe ſeemes gracefull, yet but (wiles
That win affection to perdition,
And ſeeme yet ſacred, and of fowle condition,
Without *all-haile*: within mortall reuiles.

I wayle theſe wightes that wander in the darke,
Led by the *beaſt*, that traynes great troupes to hell,
And ſeekes to ſinke ſacred *Religions* Barke,
By his inchantes, charmd in his hidious cell:
But he fowle feend, and faithleſſe to great *Ione*,
Hath long breathd bannings gainſt *Meſſiahs loue*,
*Eliza* Queene, the prop of verity,
That ſtill ſtands vp, a Queene of victory,
Whome all his wiles and curſes cannot moue.

They cannot moue the mountaynes of our *Peace*,
*Elizaes* truth, whoſe ſacred hearts deſire,
Deſirde and wrought, that heau'nly *Truthes* releaſe,
That lay forlorne, long languiſhing in briers:
She brought to light the load ſtarre of our light,
And looſde the bands of Enuy by her might,
Her might made mightie, by *Ioues* mighty hand,
That heau'd her vp triumphant in this land:
Fearefull to foes, reioycing to the right.

Reioyce

## A Penſiue ſoules delight.

Reioyce ye righteous and reſound her prayſe,
Prayſe great *Iehouah* for her Maieſtie,
He, he receiu'd her, in her penſiue dayes,
Not farre from death, held in captiuity:
A captiue Lady of a free-full minde
Free, and in fauour nought can true loue binde.
Her *Loue* was *Truth*, her truth and loue were right,
*Ioue* rightly ſaw her, and her loues delight.
*Truth* and *Loues* light were ſacredly combinde.

All ſacred *Vertues*, did combine in one,
One *Grace* diuine was guide vnto them all:
In her all working when ſhe was alone,
(Alone in company Angelicall)
Heauens Angels ſpred their ſtill protecting tent,
And guard her ſacred perſon innocent.
*Graces* diuine adminiſtred true ioy
In her deemd ioyleſſe ſtate, nought could annoy
Her bleſſed patience in impriſonment.

But oh true Lady, how could griefes retire?
When ſhe recounted why ſhe was reſtraind?
And eke by whome? by her ſole ſiſters ire:
What heart could hold (ſo innocent) diſdaynd?
Diſdaynd to liue, her life obſcurde in hate:
Was hatefull to vnhappy hearts where *Enuy* ſate.
But ſacred Loue gaue life and light to her,
And brought her life to light, and did transferre
Deaths dreadfull ſting vnto the obſtinate.

And on their Queene, whome our *Eliza* lou'd
Her life as *loue*, her loue aſſurance ſet
On high *Iehouah's* loue: he her approu'd,
And gaue her light to miſſe fowle *enuies* net,
That was diſplaid to catch *Eliza* in.
Suggeſts were, as if ſhe pretended ſinne
Againſt annoynted *Mary* and her crowne:
From which *Eliza* would bring *Mary* downe,
And ſet her ſelfe by force vſurp'd therein.

Fie on this gloſſe, that paynts this falſe ſuggeſt,
A forg'd ſurmiſe, that fell before her eyes,
That ſtill attended high *Iehouah's* heſt:
She ſaw it fall, none ſaw it yet ariſe.
It might ariſe, but could not erſt preuayle,
Though *Enuies* hearts and hands gaue oft aſſaile:
In hope to ſee her ſacred life diſſolu'd,
*She* not diſmaid, aſſured ſtood reſolu'd
High *Ioue* would free *her*, and would be her bayle.

He bayld her in the action of their hate,
Where they ſuggeſt, her hate vnto the Queene,
And that ſhe couertly enuide the ſtate,
Her foes made ſhow, as if this had beene ſeene:
And daz'd the eyes of ſilly peoples mindes
With falſe reportes: like errour often blindes
The vulgar mu'titude, who thinke all true
That States-men ſpeake, as if it were in view.
High pollicie of purpoſe blowes ſuch windes.

Such

Such windes, as blowe content, or bring diſmay,
Sometimes are raiſde, and do diſpearſe a thing
Throughout a kingdome: So they made their way
To cauſe *Elizaes* ill's ſuggeſted ring:
Yet ſhe true *Lady*, ſate and ſmilde to ſee
*Deſpight* diſplaide, and axe laide to the tree
To cut her downe for *prouidence* diuine,
Who ſwayes the axe, reuerted *ſpites* repine
From her to them, and let her *Lady* free.

Her foes repinde at her, not for her crime,
But ſawe her light that would bewray their ſinne:
The *ſire of ſinne* then egg'd them on, in time
To cut her off, if they the game would winne,
But fire and tonnes, ſonnes of perdition,
Wrought not *Elizaes*, but their owne perdition.
And *ſhee* not ſeeking found the way, and roſe
Vnto the Crowne, a gall vnto her foes,
*She* bound, *Ioue* gaue her manumiſſion.

And ſeal'd it with the death and quicke confuſion
Of greateſt foes within Realme and without:
*Poole* Cardinall, ſent from Romiſh *Babylon*,
Arch-Atheiſt *Gardener*, and an vgly rout
Of bloudy Tyrants that had ſword in hand,
And cut *truths* throat, with their foule *Enuies* band,
Where ſoone cut off, with their owne bloudy knife
Which they had whet to reue *Elizaes* life,
As they did all religious in the land.

## A Penſiue ſoules delight.

Oh deepeſt wiſedome of the powres diuine!
Oh higheſt powre, of high *Iehouah* ſeene
In ſo preſeruing powrefull *Henries* line,
Well neere vntwiſted in the *Mary* Queene:
By whom ſome ſought as much as in them lay,
*Elizaes* ruine, had not God ſaid nay,
And yea to her preſeruing, when authoritie
Conſented to diſpatch her *Maieſtie*
Of *Truth* and true *Religion*, counter-ſtay.

Her famous *Father* to the worldes admire,
Firſt foyled Romiſh *Pharoh* in the feelde:
When *Pharohs* troupes were neere him, and in Ire
A miracle to make proud *Pharoh* yeelde.
Yet loe perforce he loſt his golden fame
Within this Realme, thrice happy, if his *name*
Had dide likewiſe, drownde in *obliuion*
And not haue liude here, father of *ſedition*,
The nurſe of *Enuy*, and the gulph of *ſhame*.

Then hopefull *Edward* did ſucceed to raigne,
*Truthes* proppe, and ſeekes to keepe *Romes* Septer downe:
High *Ioue* him ſawe, but loe, he did not daigne
To leaue him long, but tooke him from the crowne,
And from vs thankleſſe, for the *Truth* he ſent
By *Henries* hand: wherein, we negligent
Were reft of him, and of the liuely light,
And then came *darkneſſe* and a diſmall *night*
Wherein we ſawe not where *Religion* went.

But

But by the blood of *Martyrs* that was ſhed
Throughout the lande, to put out *Truthes* true light
That then did ſhine as Sunne eclipſed red:
Yet caſt cleare beames, vpon each faithfull wight:
Whoſe truth was tride, their trialls did expreſſe
Their liuely *Loue*; though many made receſſe
And fell againe into that ougly den
Of *darke deceit*, deuouring ſoules of men
In filthy puddle, of fraile humane geſſe.

Poore ſoules bewitched, with inchaunted zeale
Fell backe, and baniſht their true ſauing guide,
That guides by grace, and not by fond reueale
Of giddie heads, that liue and lead.
And *Mary* Queene, alas my ſoule bewailes
That her high vertues had ſo ſtrong aſſailes
That ſhe was wonne, to kill the ſilly ſheepe
That were committed to her charge to keepe,
Her Cleargy rent them with their woluiſh nailes.

Theſe vgly beaſts attired yet like lambes,
Lay fawning like the Foxe, that plaies, and praies,
They plaide & praide, on yong ones & their dambes:
If fawnes could not, they adde fierce fiery raies.
To race through Rage and Rigor of the ſword,
Mens true deſires of *Loues* light and *Truthes* word.
This *Loue*, this *Light*, this *Truth Iehouah* ſent
By *Henries* hand and *Edwards*, while he lent
Him life, and while he was faire Englands Lord.

But

But happy *Henry*, and *truthes Edward* gone,
The graceſull guides, and pillers that vpſtaid
*Religions* frame, a third atoſe anon,
That brake the building that theſe graceſull layd,
She pul'd it downe, and did erect the ſtage
Whereon was plaid the tragedy of *rage*:
It ſtoode not long, the Actors partes were done,
And they went out, *Elizaes* part begun,
And all applaud her, and her equipage.

Began it now? a part ſhe playd before,
Not of an Agent, but a patient:
She ſilent ſate, and heard the Lions rore,
Like captiu'd *Daniel* in a dreadfull tent.
Her part was not like daughter of a King,
To whome *All hayle*, the trueſt ſubiects bring.
Curtaines were drawne to ſit in all mens view,
Prince-like attended: She with bloudy crew
Guarded as guilty, couer'd with *Ioues* wing.

*She* foundes her faith not on the ſonnes of men,
Not on frayle fleſh, not on the multitude,
Not on the ſword, not on great wiſedomes pen:
But on *Iehouah* Prince of *Fortitude*.
Fore him ſhe falles, to him in faith ſhe cries,
On him ſhe hopes, he on her caſt his eyes.
He ſpread the beames of his releeuing loue,
On her diſtreſſed, but *elected Doue*:
On *her* he made his ſauing Sunne to riſe.

His

His heauenly doue, diuinely ſoar'd from hi e
With his ſwift ſacred wings, and did inſpire
True truſt in her, vnſeene of humane eye:
His ſacred *Doue* once come, did not retire,
But did poſſeſſe *her*, made his bowre her breſt,
With ſacred *vertues* there he built his neſt:
And there begat all *graces* heauenly,
That branch and beare true fruites of ſanctity,
Preſaging firſt, now ſhow *Eliza* bleſt.

The more her vertues ſeem'd to fit the crowne,
The more did *Enuy* ſeeke to blemiſh it,
There want no hearts, but hands to pull her downe:
Yet aymd their *malice*, but it could not hit,
Her guard was ſure, her Armour enuy-proofe,
Her friends yet feare, and feareful ſtand aloofe
Sad, gaue but ayme at th'arrowes of deſpight,
Which flew abroad, not any on her light.
Her *light* did ſhine and ſhrowded her reproofe.

And powers diuine, diuinely made the way,
Cut downe the tree that hindred *her* to paſſe,
The tree cut downe, the branches broken lay,
Diſperſt, forlorne; and all fowle *Enuies* Maſſe,
Became a *Chaos* and a limbleſſe lumpe,
Nought ſtood to ſtop her, but fowle *Enuies* ſtump,
That ſprowted ſtill and bare the leaues of ſpight:
*Truthes* Sunne then ſhone and withred their delight.
And they diſcouered, lay as in a dumpe.

# A Penſiue ſoules delight.

When *Mary* Queene, depriu'd of life was gone,
Then buſie heads breath'd ſcruples into men:
For Princes dead, then wakes *Ambition*,
And vgly *ſtrife* ſtarts out of hidious den,
And ſowes *ſedition* mongſt the *multitude*,
Suggeſting in ſucceſſe ſad ſeruitude:
Though our *Eliza* heire apparant ſtoode,
There wanted not of that inchaunted broode:
That argue in her ſexe ſmall fortitude.

Among all other doubts, the difference
Then in *Religion*, ſeem'd greateſt let:
And had it not bene *heauens* prouidence
That ſwayes mens mindes, and concord ſet,
It might haue raiſde in Realme ſad *mutinie*,
But great *Elizaes* magnanimitie
Conioynd with *loue*, made all applaude her raigne:
And *Mary* dead, they all do ſhewe them faine
To ſee *Eliza* in her *dignitie*.

Nouem. 17. 1558. Selfe day of *Maries* death *ſhe* was proclaim'd
With greateſt ioy faire *Englands* Queene:
Although to let it, ſtill foule *Enuy* aim'd
Without preuaile, the gall of hearts were ſeene.
The Trumpet ſounded, men for ioy did ſmile,
And gaue true ſignes of ioy for *Romes* exile.
That held *Truth* captiue, by *Eliza* freede,
Who brought in ſowers of that *ſacred ſeede*:
That ſoone grew great, and branched in a while.

And

And ſhe true Lady liſted to the crowne,
Ioyes not ſo much in her high *honors* throne,
As in the bringing of fowle *Enuy* downe,
That then aloft, impoſed cauſe of moane
On men then mou'd, and did retaine the *light*
That ſhone as ſtarres in that darke vgly night:
Which had eclipſed all the Realme throughout,
That none could ſee *Truthes* ſun (dark round about)
Yet ſome in darkneſſe, did continue bright.

Though when their beames, were brightly ſeene to ſhine,
The *wolues* that wandred for their pray them found
And them deuour'd, or clapt in diſmall ſhrine,
Faſt tide, vntill *Eliza* them vnbound,
And brought them forth vnto the light of Sunne,
And op'd *truthes* booke. A world to ſee men run
To heare and learne the *truth* long kept from view,
Forlorne, forſaken, of that dreadfull crew:
Now all imbrace *Elizaes* worke begun.

And then begun her fruites of *faith* be ſeene,
And publikely ſhe made her *loues* proteſt:
Ere ſhe aſſum'd the Scepter of a *Queene*,
She would through *Ioue*, giue church diſtreſſed reſt,
And reſt her ſelfe on his all ſacred powre,
Which well ſhe witneſt comming from the *Towre*:
Before ſhe did ſet forward, lifts her eyes,
Giues praiſe to him in whom all ſafetie lies:
Her ſtrong pauilion, and her ſauing bowre.

To him with heart and humble voyce ſhe gaue
All laud for loue, wherein he had preſeru'd
Her *ſelfe* from death, her *perſon* from the graue,
To ſee that ioyfull day, yet not deſeru'd
She did confeſſe, his *mercies* onely rayſ'd
Her from her dangers. And as *Dauid* prayſ'd,
She prayſ'd his name: This argument of *grace*,
Gaue gracefull tokens, to adorne the place,
The regall throne. Her foes ſaw it and gayſ'd.

They gayſ'd and grieu'd to ſee the ſplending rayes
Of great *Elizaes* fame ſpread farre and neere:
Their eyes of *ſpight* gaue ayme vnto her wayes.
She wauered not, her vertues ſhined cleere,
The Sunny beames of high *Iehouahes* loue,
Led her aright. All her delight aboue,
Not in *earthes* glory, which might leade awrye,
She had *Truthes* touch and Image in her eye,
Which no delight or fancy could remoue.

In this *Truthes* conſtant ſtate *Eliza* ſtood,
A liuely mirrour ſet before our eyes:
And ſtill ſhe ſtands, Nurſe and giues the foode
To *Iacobs* line, in whome lifes promiſe lies.
Oh great *Eliza* whome the *powers* diuine
Diuinely helde, from falling, by loues line
She holds the line, whereon dependeth *peace*,
*Truthes* peace and plenty, and ſad warres deceaſe,
Or elſe preſerues when foes in force combine.

As hath appeared in her Royall dayes,
When troupes of troubles haue preſented feare
By *force* in field, by ſecret *ſpights* eſſayes
By *Magicke* Art, and *poyſons*: who did beare
Preſeruing ſtroke, but high *Iehouah's* hand,
He will preſerue, were troubles as the ſand,
As will the ſequele of this worke declare,
Wherein ſome practiſes deſcribed are
As were prepar'd her, though they could not ſtand.

# A Penſiue ſoules delight.

*Here are expreſſed the ſtaatagems of foes,*
Elizaes *conqueſts, and their falls that roſe.*

TAke off the vaile, and ope your dimmed eies,
All ye ſeduced, by the *man of ſin:*
Conceiue aright, conſider whence do riſe,
And where the dangers of this Realme begin.
Looke into *Rome*, the piller of your pride,
And flatter not the things ſhould be enuide:
As *treaſons*, *murders*, and *conſpiracies*,
Dreadfull *Inuaſions*, and ſad *miſeries*,
Theſe are her fruites, they cannot be denide.

Can thirſt for blood, ſtand with Religion?
Can hatefull murder, craue a recompence?
Then holy writ is but a fiction:
Tweene ſinne and ſanctitie no difference,
To murther Princes, meritorious:
A worke, that makes the worker glorious.
Is't faith by workes, or workes by faith they ſhowe
In ſheading blood? and ſeeking quetthrow
Of Prince and people? a thing moſt odious.

How

## A Penſiue ſoules delight.

How did Pope *Paule* the fourth, fawne on the *French*,
And fed their ſecond *Francis* with deſire
By force, to mount faire *Englands* Regall bench,
Who was with eaſe inuited to aſpire
In *Maries* name, his Queene, & Queene of Scots?
He did pretend with ſword to ſolue the knots
That rightly knit *Eliza* to the Crowne.
But *right* by *force*, is ſildome ſeene puld downe,
Nor for her right *Eliza* would caſt lots.

As *Paule* pretends in ſentencing our Queene,
No Queene, French *Francis* in conceit was King:
And ſtylde him King, as if he King had bene:
And *Francis* ſoaring by *ambicious* wing,
Eggd by the *Guiſe*, did ſend his force with ſpeede
To *Scotland*, (Engliſh Papiſts firſt were feede
To aide the *French*) and thence the Realme t'inuade,
A match but halfe, not by both parties made.
Though ſtrong cõceit might thinke it won indeed.

But when *Eliza* ſaw French *Francis* riſe,
And fetch his runne to leape into her Land:
She knew the practiſe of ſeditious *Guiſe*,
On whoſe aſpiring wyles the King did ſtand.
The *Pope*, the *King*, and *Papiſts* ſtoode
Combinde in one, in hot aſpiring moode.
And our *Eliza* lately raiſde, beholde
This play begun, Enſignes diſplayde in fielde,
She not diſmayd, nor fearing *Enuies* broode.

But

But ſoone conſulted with *Nobilitie*,
Reſolu'd, and ſent her warlike forces hence:
They paſſe the *Tweede* in magnanimity,
As eger of their *Queenes* and *Realmes* defence.
The *French* were to the *Scots* vnwelcome gueſts,
Therefore the *Scots* made *Engliſh* high proteſts,
To ioyne their forces to the Engliſh bandes,
A Realme with Realme, in loue combined ſtands,
Farre more ſecure, then it diſiuncted reſts.

But when the *French* had view of Engliſh force,
And ſaw *Elizaes* loue had wonne the *Scots*,
The *French* diſmay, and ſue for quicke diuorce,
Wiſhing Pope *Paul* were preſent at the lots,
Where he with his vnwonted warlike trayne,
Had ſeene ſad ſorrow, ſequell of diſdayne,
That erſt diſdayn'd *Elizaes* Diadeame,
To take it off, and rob her of her Realme:
An expedition plotted by his brayne.

The *French* ſaw ruine right before their eyes,
If they ſhould buckle by the dint of ſword,
A dreadfull myſt of feare on them did riſe,
And they ſought peace by plaine ſubmiſsiue word,
And yeelded rather to returne with ſhame,
Then enter combate for the cauſe they came.
So *Solon-Cecill* and graue *Wotton* went
And gaue them parlie, and the conſequent
Did wholy tend to great *Elizaes* fame.

The King and Queene of *Scots* and *France* ſhould leaue
The armes and titles of *Elizaes* Realmes,
By them vſurpt, to which Pope *Paul* did heaue
With Engliſh gems to decke their diadeames,
And further yeelded their ſubmiſsion,
As did *Eliza* ſet condition.
What greater honour could ſucceed then this?
What greater victory then yeelding is?
A regall guiſe to haue compaſſion.

Here were three vertues in *Eliza* found,
Her true and conſtant *Magnanimity*,
Her franke *Compaſſion*, and her *Wiſedome* ſound,
All preſt at once, confirmd her dignity.
From whom haue ſprung the dangers of our Queene?
From whence haue all fowle *Ennies* working beene?
But from the fountayne of that poyſond well,
Of *Romiſh* Buſhops, and their curſed cell?
Where are fell *Furies*, and fowle *Monſters* ſeene.

Did not Pope *Pius quartus* who ſucceedes
The former *Paul*, appeare like venemous?
And did he not ſow here ſeditious ſeedes?
And did not againe *Pope Pius quintus*,
Succeeding him gaue tokens of deſpight?
Who did her ſacred *Maieſty* indite
With his fowle *Bull*, that came with ougly roare,
Into this land, her *Highnes* to vnmoare,
And to bereaue this Kingdome of her light.

And

And did he not diſpence with fealtie,
That Engliſh *Nobles* and her ſubiects ſwore,
And plainely plighted to her Maieſtie?
And ſtirr'd he not the Northerne Lords, to gore
Her Highneſſe liege-men with his filthy Bull?
Though he preuailed not, his hornes were dull,
Yet did his complices obey his heſt,
And raiſ'd their force, the *Pope* to reinueſt
Whence he was driuen, their hearts of gall were full.

Full of deſpite, breath'd on them by that beaſt,
That bellow'd horrour to the ſilly ſheepe,
Whoſe bloud they ſought to make their *Enuies* feaſt.
But he that gaue theſe ſilly ones to keepe,
To great *Eliza* gaue, *Eliza* will
And powre, ſhe ſuffer'd not the *Wolues* to kill
Her lambes, but ſent her ſauing heardſmen hence.
*Suſſex* and *Warwick*, who were their defence.
At whoſe aduent, the Bull failde of his skill.

And failing fled: An vgly ſight to ſee
A beaſt diſmembred, not by butchers knife:
The head amaz'd did flie: the hornes too free,
Brake off. The members do diſpaire of life.
Head haſtes to *Scotland*, left the bulke behinde,
The body, armes, and legges were diſcombinde.
And ſuddenly captiu'de, ſubdude or yelde,
Depriu'd of hope, (as men diſarmde in fielde.
See now their errour, led before as blinde.

Some of the trayne had iuſtly doome to dye,
Moſt did implore, and got *Elizaes* grace,
And yet not one could *reaſon* iuſtifie,
As fit to liue, of this rebellious race:
All vertues doe attend *Elizaes* trayne,
*Valour*, and *Mercy*, *Iuſtice* with theſe twayne,
Approue her abſolute *heroicke Queene*:
No former worthy, more diuine hath beene.
Nor won more honour, neuer touch of ſtayne.

But how could *Pius* Pope excuſe his *ſpight*,
In ſeeking true *Elizaes* life by ſword?
How could he voyde iuſt ſentence of his pride,
Her to depoſe, by his ambitious word?
How could he cleare himſelfe of ſubtilty,
Pretending to diſpence with fealty?
*Spight*, *pride*, and *fraude*, a trine aſpect of hell,
Preſaging ill euent out of that cell.
From whence proceedes nought but impiety.

This impius *Bull* of *Pius* baited thus,
Came led to London in falſe *Feltons* hand,
He ride the beaſt, and left it furious;
At th' Biſhops pallace in a leaden band
The Bulheard left the game for others playe,
His ſeruice done, *diſpaire* egd him away:
The *Bull* grew meeker, was with eaſe vntide,
The gameſter gone, the game was not reuide,
But left vnplaid vntill another day.

Francke

## A Penſiue ſoules delight.

Francke gameſter *Felton* laie aloofe awhile,
To heare and note, ſucceſſe of this fierce beaſt,
At laſt found out, and brought from darke exile,
And ſawe the game all done, become a ieaſt:
Himſelfe came forth to play his part on ſtage
In publike view (Pope *Pius* truſtie Page.)
He acted all, as traytors vſe to doe,
That after doome to execution goe.
Meane while the *Bull* was curbed of his rage.

The *powers diuine*, that euer ſhelter make
To ſhield *Eliza* from foule Enuies hand,
Stood vp and ſtopt the currant of this lake,
That threatn'd daunger to her ſelfe and land:
And leaues her not depriued of reueale
Of all complots, that would ſubuert her weale.
He *Madders* and *Barlowes* conſpiracies
Bewraide: ere they brought forth their villanies
They dide: *Iuſtice* admitted no appeale.

My penſiue ſoule (recomforted to ſee
*Elizaes* freedome, and her conſtant loue:
How *Truth* and *Mercy*, in her linked bee,
And how her *vertues* her ſpred fame approue)
Cannot but liſt in loue her worthy praiſe,
And laude his name, who *her* for vs did raiſe:
And in her ſet *Religion* (aprimate)
Free for Religious to participate
*Iehouah's* bountie in *Elizaes* dayes.

*Iehouah's* bountie and his loues defence,
Defendeth her and vs in her from foes:
Praiſe him, he ſeekes no other recompence.
He heau'd her vp, and we in her aroſe,
We did ariſe, by tyrannie caſt downe,
Shee, ſhee, (our *Moſes,*) lifted to the crowne,
Saw *Corah, Dathan,* and *Abiram* riſe,
(Rebellious troupes) and ſinke before her eies.
*Diſpaire* them ſwallow at *Elizaes* frowne.

*Confuſion* ſwallowes Rebels, none can ſtand
When they conſpire in publique, or conceald,
For who ſo takes a traytors taske in hand
To worke *Elizaes* wrecke, is ſoone reueald.
Their treaſons ſeene, whence is originall?
Sot *Somerwiles,* and that proud *Parries* gall,
That ſwore her death with reſolution,
Couertly contriu'd by *Romes* eluſion:
What iſſue came? their owne infernall fall.

And yet was *Parry* by the Pope aſſurde
His fact was worthy merit of heauens bliſſe:
What helliſh vipers hath theſe Popes procurde,
To aime at her whoſe glorie makes them miſſe?
Her glory graced with *Iehouahs* grace,
Diſgraceth them with her great glories face:
What could the fourteene great heroykes doe,
Whom eke the Pope to murder her did wooe?
Did they preuaile in that they had in chace?

Were

Were they not found by high *Iehouahs* eye,
That winkes not at foule *Enuies* lifted fiſt?
He ſees and ſwayes their foule malignitie:
And ſmites them downe within ſelfe *Enuies* liſt.
Yea though they do contriue their ſpight
In forraigne parts, farre off (they think) from ſight,
*Iuſtice* bewrayeth them where ſo they hide,
And ſelfe conceit leaues not them vndeſcride:
Themſelues diſcouer in diſpairing night.

Yea though they practiſe darkneſſe in the darke,
As diuelliſh witchcraft, and the Magicke arts:
The diuel deceiues them, and they miſſe the marke,
Yet he not his, their play is of two parts.
They aime to hit, high *Ioues* annointed Queene,
And miſſe, he aimes at them, (his wiles vnſeene,)
And hits. The Pope yet holieſt of the reſt,
Chiefe actor, findmg former ſhifts not bleſt:
He will haue execrable arts be ſeene.

And for his Nigromantiall practiſes,
Pickes out infernall inſtruments for fact:
As *Preſtall*, *Phayer*, and their complices,
Hot-headed *Story*, maiſter of the act,
This worke commenced, darke & deepe as hell,
Yet brought to light, and lifted from that rell.
The diuel aſſured them *Elizaes* death,
(He loues to lye) beleeue not what he ſaith,
Though traytors do, ſo did *Achitophell.*

*Achitophel* bewitched, did bewitch
Faire *Abſolom*, a ſonne vnto a king:
Mou'de him to mount, to hit (but did not hiche)
His fathers crowne, high *Iuſtice* clipp'd his wing.
So are the wings of theſe fowle traytors cut,
That want not will, their flight in practiſe put:
But fall in ſeas of deepe diſpairing ſhame,
And *Story* ſtyled with great *Sophies* fame,
Arm'd with fowle Enuy, miſt the aimed but.

The white, (*Eliza*) daz'd their diuelliſh eyes,
They could not ſee, nor make their art to proue:
Arts maiſter could not make that diuel riſe
That was of powre to hurt *Iehouahs* Doue.
Yet *Story* ſtriuing to accompliſh that
Which in his high aſpiring fancy ſat,
Was ſent a preſent by *Iehouah's* hand,
From *Flaunders*, where he moſt ſecure did ſtand:
All men well know the guerdon that he gat.

Yet *Phayer* and *Preſtall* found a fayrer day,
*Elizaes mercy*, her reuenge exceedes:
Though *mercy* in this caſe might well ſay nay,
And *Iuſtice* cut downe theſe infernall weedes.
But *Iuſtice* left them not excuſ'd herein,
For *Phayer* fell after to high treaſons ſin:
Di'de for the laſt, a guerdon for the firſt,
High traytors haue no doubt a dropſie thirſt,
Which ſildome quencheth when it doth begin.

What

## A Penſiue ſoules delight.

What ſoules keepe ſilence, but reioyce to ſee
The ſpeedy falles of all *Elizaes* foes?
Whoſe foes, are foes to all that faithfull bee,
Her faith, firme faith, their faithleſſe works diſcloſe,
And none ſit ſad to ſee it, but the crew
Of *Exnies* couert workers out of view,
Whoſe hearts are hidden for a while in darke,
They will be ſeene by ſome externall marke,
And ſhew the poyſond fruit that therein grew.

For none ſo walke, inuiſible in *Spight*,
But *word*, or *worke*, or *guiſe*, or *garment* will
At laſt bewray them, and bring all to light,
The fume will breath and ſhow what they diſtill:
*Throgmorton* in hearts cloſet long conceild
His Enuies fire, at laſt brake forth reueild,
A flame to light the bringing in of *Spayne*,
To pull *Eliza* downe, a painfull ſtrayne,
A deepe fetcht note, words to make Princes yeeld.

Nay, weapons were preparde, the Kingdome giu'n,
Our liues were ſold, all offices diſpoſde,
And in conceite, they had depoſde our Queene,
All vp but one; but when it was diſcloſde,
The game did turne. *Throgmorton* came to light,
Then, *Pope*, was penſiue, *Spanyards* in ſad plight,
Their hope a dreame: when they awakt, they ſaw
That ſhaddowes bring not ſubſtances in awe.
Nor words like ſwords, to arme a man to fight.

# A Penſiue ſoules delight.

This myſtie morning cleared with the Sunne,
Bewray'd *Throgmorton* with her ſplendant beames:
He leaues his cloſet when his dreame was done,
And findes *Eliza* rooted in her Realmes
Which he had ſolde to them that could not buye,
He could not ſell *Elizaes* dignitie:
Yet nought did want but ſure poſſeſſion,
And that was hoped by his confeſſion.
Here was preſumption, and credulitie.

*Seller* preſumes to ſell what was not his,
*Buyers* beleeue, yet had not *Quid pro quo*:
What man of lawe can rightly cenſure this,
*Pactum* or *nudum pactum*, yea or no?
The buyers ſue not ſeller for the ſame,
Nor then required, or for bargaine came:
And yet *Throgmorton* was attach'd therefore,
And paide his head, for recompence: and *More*,
And his conſorts went not without their ſhame.

Who ſees theſe fruites, that grow vpon that ſtocke
Of *Romes* deſpight, that ſpread into this land,
And loaths them not? and would not moue the block
Laide in the way to weake *Elizaes* hand?
Who doth not ioy to ſee their ill ſucceſſe?
Who doth not wiſh in heart a ſound redreſſe?
The baniſhment of all that hatefull crew,
That lurke vnſeene, and ſome in publique view?
Or wiſh their loue, and their deſpights releaſe.

Oh.

Oh how would our *Eliza* them imbrace?
How would ſhe guard their liues in *truthes* deſires?
How happy they, if they were in her grace
Cut from that tree, of bloodie *Romes* aſpires?
That ſtill aſpires, and ſtill her braunches fall,
They rot, conſume, infected with her gall:
A wonder that they will not ſhunne the ſnare,
When they their owne with others lots compare:
They ſee the mirror, yet not mou'd withall.

What are their liues vnto the *Papacie*?
As are baſe *Turkes* to their *graund Seignior*
Who way es ten thouſand liues in policie,
As flies; So *Catholicke Superior*,
Oh ſilly ſoules, that dreame of dignitie
And high aduance for hatefull treacherie,
To bring their natiue land, to forraigne ſpoile,
Their friends, and kinſmen, guiltleſſe to their foile.
Selfe guerdon death, hell for their ſallary.

What recompence had *Romes* chiefe champion
Sent to this lande from that great Biſhops ſide?
Their *Alpha* and *Omega Campion*
And his conſorts, concealed yet eſpide.
They came in colour to winne ſoules to bliſſe,
Of all the *Locuſtes* ſent, the gloſſe is this:
When to draw ſubiect, duties, and their loue,
From true *Eliza*, and high treaſons moue.
Againſt their Queene, their true pretending is.

For can a ſubiect ſtand, liege to his Lord,
And yet giue ſentence with his mortall foe?
Or can a man ſerue two with good accord,
When in deſire they wiſh each others woe?
Its hard to wade in meane, betweene two friends,
In equall ſeruice *Ielouſie* depends.
Therefore who workes to win a ſubiects loue
From her that hath it warranted aboue,
T'anothers loue, all knowe what he pretends.

They may pretend, and be ingniferent,
Zealous in ſhewe, to win a man from ſinne,
When all they worke, is to make malecontent,
And drawe the doubtfull to diue deeper in.
For if their workes were of right *Wiſedomes* skill,
They would in publique, practiſe to inſtill
Their right aduiſe, that all might be aduiſed,
As *Paul* did preach in publique, not diſguiſhed:
Who feare the light (no doubt) their deedes are ill.

Did *Campion* that famous Doctor ſhowe
In publique ſchoole, or in the open view?
Or did he preach? or his high gifts beſtowe
On all? as well he might, if they were true.
Nay, came he not in couert, fearing light,
And kept in darke, and ſalyed in the night?
As one that would ſurpriſe the ſilly ſheepe,
Fled from the folde, and from their ſhepheards keepe,
And do not all the *Locuſts* thus by flight?

Haue

Haue they the habite coreſponding gift?
As they pretend their gift is to forgiue?
If that their gift, and colour not a drift,
To lay their poyſon in *Religions* hiue.
Then let them come, but not in Ruffins weede,
That come to kill, when they pretend to feede:
Some come like Ruffins, ſome like men of warre,
The blinde, the lame, they know not what they are,
How can they aske them then the things they need?

They feare the ſword (they ſay) therefore they lye
As *Leopards*; white, and blacke, and greene, & gray,
Attired thus to act diuinity:
Beſeemes it them? It fits a ſtage aray:
But if theſe colours be to cloake their guile,
As they aſſume vnto themſelues exile,
Then ſure they feare the light, and walke in darke,
Pretending one, and ayme another marke:
Denominate by one, and haue another ſtile.

What neede they feare the Magiſtrate, or ſword?
If they do well, no perill can befall,
No perill falles on them of true accord,
That do accord with *Truth*, not gorgd with *gall*,
They gorgd, vngorge, and with the ſume infect
*Elizaes* Liege-men: who againe reflect
The ſame on thoſe that truly loyall be,
And wreſt the wils, of many by degree,
To couer *Treaſon*, which they ſhould detect.

Who then beleeues, theſe monſters come to ſaue?
Or can forgiue? If they ſeduce from loue,
Though they haue titles as the Angels haue,
And be in ſhow as is the Turtle Doue:
They are but ſpyes, or Spiders to compact
The webbe of *miſchiefe*, which ſome elſe muſt act:
In eighty eight, the yeare of greateſt hope
Of *Englands* ouerthrow, aduance of Pope,
The *Spaniard* hoped to be Engliſh backt.

But was kept backe, *Iehouah* curbd his rage,
Reuerts his matter to another end:
He by his power, his fury did aſſwage,
And his *Armado*, did both breake and bend:
It brake by force, it bended with deſire,
To turne againe, they ſaw it beſt retire,
Some did retire; Againſt their wills, ſome ſaw
And felt *Elizae* forces and *Ioues* Law:
Whoſtill inhabites wrongers to aſpire.

Yet ſure *Romes Locuſts* had enuenomed
Some gyddie heads, hote, weary of their weale,
And wonne them to conſent (but blindly led)
To their inchants, and gaue their vowes for ſeale,
To ioyne their forces to *Elizaes* foes,
Yet would they haue *Eliza* to ſuppoſe
Theſe Romiſh witches to be tollerable,
In her Kingdomes indeed moſt execrable,
Couertly contriuing *Elizaes* woes.

*Elizaes*

# A Penſiue ſoules delight.

*Elizaes* woes, woe worth their trecheries,
Oh high *Iehouah* blinde their hatefull eyes,
Confound their wits, driue them to extacies,
Daunt their deſires, driue them to obliquies,
And leaue them not, till thou haue throwne them downe
That ayme at thee, and at *Elizaes* crowne,
At thee *Iehouah*, to put out thy light:
At her, *Truthes* prop, the foe to diſmall night
Wherein they walke, as deadly Wolues vnknowne.

Vnknowne to het, her innocencie beares,
No dread of ill; they yet creepe couertly
Into mens hearts, with counterfaited teares,
Perſwade, diſſwade, coniure, and hold it piety
To wreſt poore ſoules from true obedience,
Vnto *Eliza* vnder falſe pretence,
Of *liberty* and true *religion*,
When all their wiles tend to confuſion,
Of *Queene*, and *Realme*, this, *Romes* beneficence.

Wo eworth theſe *Wolues*, that dally with the ſheepe,
As Cat with Mouſe, till they worke heardſ-man gone.
*Eliza* gone, theſe Wolues will haue the keepe
Of all the flocke in falſe ſuggeſtion:
Oh liue *Eliza*, great *Ioue* let her liue,
And lead her ſwarme to thy all ſacred hiue,
Where thy poore Bees, may ſhelter haue from thoſe,
That ſucke truthes hony, from their harts with gloſſe,
That thy *truthes*, *life*, and *light*, do fanckly giue,

When

Where loe they giue the fruite of poiſon'd tree,
That eaten, pleaſe as honie doth the taſte
In firſt, but ſecond and in third degree,
Infects and killes, though't firſt a ſweete repaſt,
But when digeſted, and the *Conſcience*
Pertakes at full their confluence,
Then are the workings of this potion found,
Deadly deuouring, and all parts confound:
Theſe *Vipers*, yet pretend great recompence.

They haue their recompence, but farre from bliſſe,
No *Traitors*, or *Seducers* can expect
Reward aboue (where ſacred dutie is)
That yeeld no dutie to high *Ioues* elect,
(Annointed here): They blinded, ſeeke to blinde,
And drawe from dutie: bound, do ſeeke to binde
The ſilly ſoules that ſue and ſeeke for light,
Their *Duties* loue, they binde by their diſpight,
And yet pretend they haue a ſacred minde.

A ſacrilegious minde; for loe they ſteale
Mens hearts, and rob them of obedience:
They breede ſedition in the publique weale,
And worke the weake to ſtand on *Conſcience*,
*Conſcience* muſt not perunt the ſilly flies,
Faine in their webbe, to ſeeke the meanes to riſe,
To ope their eyes, to moue their foote or hand,
To ſhun their ſnares, to heare or vnderſtand.
They muſt not doubt or reaſon of their lies.

Oh

## A Penſiue ſoules delight.

Oh ſilly ſoules bewitched with this crew,
  Why will you follow their enchaunted wayes?
Wayle, and vnwrap you of this deadly clew,
  Wherein theſe *Spiders* do intrap their prayes:
  Heare and beleeue, *truth* will this ſnare vntye,
  And ſet your *Conſciences* at liberty:
And free you from theſe miſcream *Canaanites*,
Infernall dogges, that vomit out deſpights
  Againſt *Meſſiahs* truth and ſanctity.

Come out from them ye captiu'd ſoules, and flye
  Their deadly charmes, and let *Elizaes* grace
Preuaile with you, and do no longer lye
  In that darke denne, whence iſſues all that race,
  That raunge the mountaynes of *traditions*,
  Full they pretend of true *deuotions*.
Beleeue them not, *truth* is not in their ken:
A myſtie cloud hangs on them witched men,
  Depriu'd of grace, guides to ſeditions.

Ye ſee the fruites of all the *Locuſts*, ſent
  From that proude beaſt, that ſits a God in ſhow:
Haue they not drawne you to be diſcontent
  With your ſweete liberty, and loue you owe?
  Haue they not wrought you to be obſtinate,
  To kicke againſt *Eliza* and her ſtate?
Haue they not woode you to betray the land
Wherein you liue, wherein your comforts ſtand?
  Do you not ſee their loues pretence is hate?

## A Penſiue ſoules delight.

Hate them that hale you to that diſmall way,
Loue her that lends you true protection:
Your ſelues detect, theſe couert wolues bewray,
And bring to light, theſe *Locuſts* of infection,
That lurke with you, and leaue their ſting in you,
Come you to light, learne truth, and liue anew.
Liue as good ſubiects, loue as *Chriſtians*,
Imbrace the faithfull, leaue theſe *Miſcreans*,
And you ſhall ſee great bleſſings will enſue.

*Here*

*Here is ſet forth* Elizaes *lenitie,*
*And Locuſt-Catholiques ſuperbitie.*

THe world throughou admires *Elizaes* loue,
Her mercy, patience, and great lenitie:
Her Princely vertues do at full approue,
Her ſacred, louing, free from tyrannie,
Her hearts affections ſpring of clemencie.
Diſpearſe the Riuers of her flowing grace,
Throughout the vallies of true *Duties* ſoyle,
Her ſubiects dutifull ſhe doth imbrace,
Her foes ſhe fauours, whom her lawes might ſpoyle.

Her ſacred heart poſſeſſed with deſire
That all might liue, and liuing, loue expreſſe:
Doth ſhow her mercy, yet reſtraines her Ire,
In hope her loue might winne her foes redreſſe:
And ſpares their blood, deſeruing nothing leſſe:
When *Iuſtice* wills, and *Policie* findes fit,
The quicke diſpatch and cutting off of thoſe
That ay me her ruine, though they neuer hit,
Her lawes ſeuere, are not ſeuere to foes.

## A Penſiue ſoules delight.

Her Princely heart ſtill bent to *Amitie*,
Aymes all heracts, to quallifie the rage
Of vndeſerued foes by lenitie:
  She doth forbeare them, hoping to aſſwage
  Their hearts deſpight, and to pull downe the ſtage
Whereon they act their enuies ſtratagemes:
And that the prompter of their practiſes
  Might ſee the firmeneſſe of her diademes:
  Not mou'd by *weapons* or by *pollicies*.

Yet he that ſteres the helme of *Enmitie*
And would addreſſe his barke vnto her ſtrand,
Linnes not to ſend his *Pylots* to eſpie
  What way he might ſecurely make the land:
  They ſound mens hearts, and heaue their enuies hand
To hit the *beſt*, but high *Iehouah* ſwayes
Their hatefull *powres*, and wythers their deſires:
  *Elizaes* watchmen, winke not at their wayes,
  But lets them runne on, breathleſſe in aſpires.

But in midway when they are neare the marke
Whereat they ayme, vnſeene they do ſurmiſe:
(For all their ſoundings and deuiſes are in the darke)
  The powres diuine do ope *Elizaes* eyes,
  And ſhe their ſoundings and deuiſes ſpies:
And well conſiders that her *lenitie*
Workes not effects of *reformation*
  Of their attempts, but their ſuperbitie
  Increaſing ſtill their curſed faction.

They

They haue forgotten lawes inflictions
Formerly impoſde; the rod now laide aſide,
(They thinke) and feare not interdictions,
Lawes letter cannot countercheck their pride.
The ſword put vp, it muſt be erſt redide.
The weather calme, they thinke no ſtorme can riſe
To beate them backe in their ſtrong *impudence*
Ambitious thoughts, bemyſteth ſo their eyes
To ſee *Elizaes* grace, they haue no ſence.

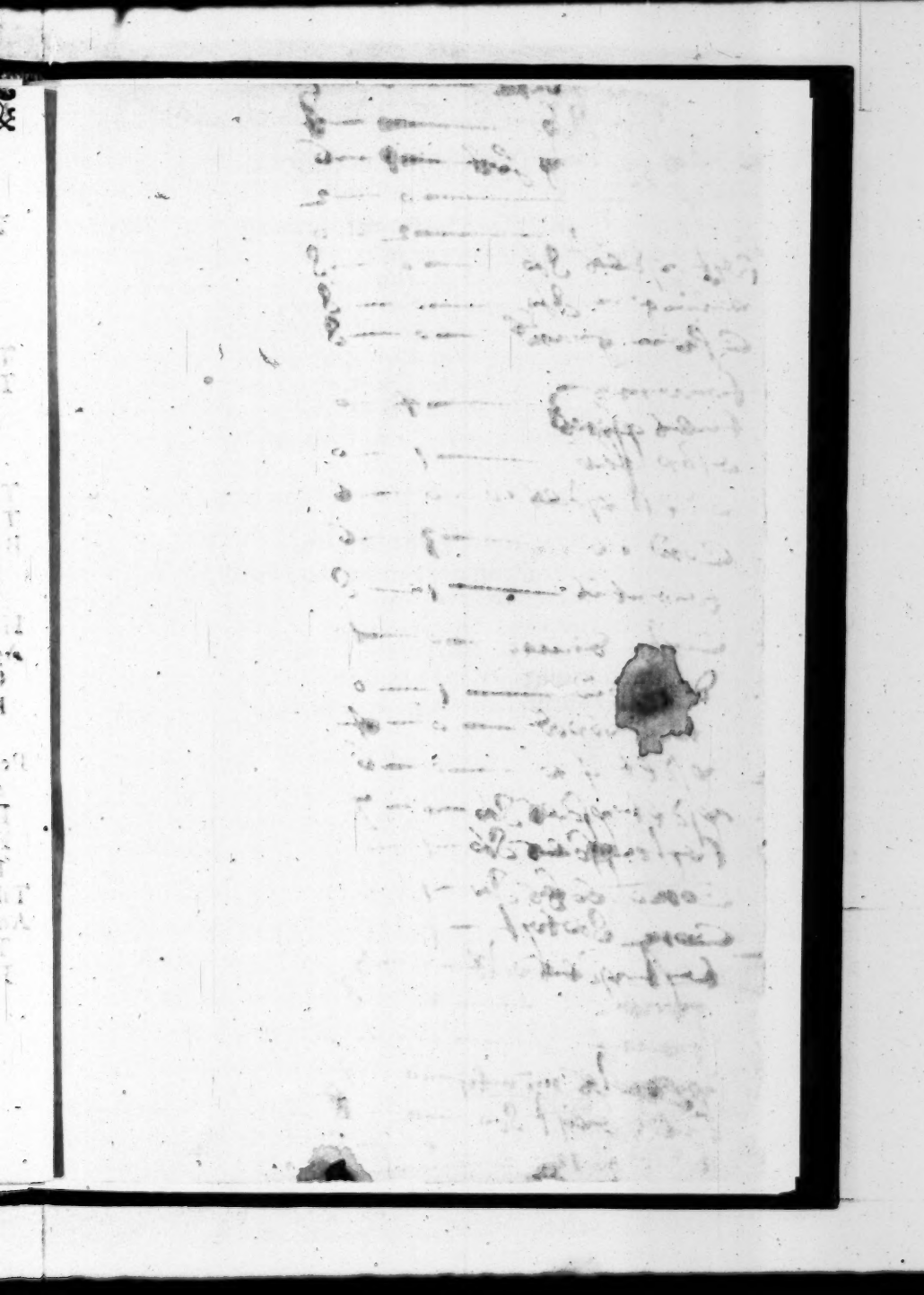
They haue no ſence, or make no vſe of eyes,
They may of both, by both they wrong the *ſtate*:
By plots and complots of *conſpiracies*:
Peruerting ſubiects, ſtirring them to hate
Their owne ſweete peace. And then to perpetrate
High *treaſons*, ougly *ſpight*, and deadly *Ire*,
Againſt *Eliza*, for a recompence
Of her loues fauours: where indeed, their hire
By lawe is death, *grace* workes no *penitence*.

Penitence? nay pride, props vp their hope,
And hope to haue the glorie of a day:
Paſt feare, they floriſh in pretence of ſcope
Freely to worke, they dreame of no *ſay nay*,
Their hearts of gall, they deeme can haue no ſtay
Till *Peace* conſume in their infernall flame,
And *Truth* deuour'd in that combuſtion:
Till they confound their natiue countries name,
Faire *Englands* glory by *ſedition*.

But loe, while my ſad *Muſe* recounts the things
I did bewayle, (the daungers imminent)
A happie herauld, conſtituted brings,
And doth proclaime, a ſweete infraunchesment
Of *doubtfull thoughts*, the *Locuſts* baniſhment.
My penſiue thoughts reuiued yeeldeth prayſe
For our *Eliza*, whoſe diuine reſpects,
And whoſe true *watch*, their enuies fruits bewraies,
Yeeld her regards (great *Ioue*) their true affects.

And driue their *Droanes* and *Spiders* from her hiue,
That ſucke the hony, and do feede with gall
Her ſubiects hearts, and loyall loue depriue:
High *Ioue* depriue their powre and ſting withall,
Cut downe the tree, let all the branches fall,
That ſpreade their venim to her preiudice,
Prolong her dayes, and maltiply her ioyes,
In earth with peace, and ſacred benedice,
Be her pauilion, ſhield her from annoyes.

*FINIS.*



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